

# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY  
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER

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### THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee, Lord, for strong right arm  
To earn my bread,  
And that, beyond my need, is meat  
For friend unfed;  
I thank Thee much for bread to live,  
I thank Thee more for bread to give.

I thank Thee, Lord, for snug, thatched roof  
In cold and storm,  
And that, beyond my need, is room  
For friend forlorn;  
I thank Thee much for needful rest,  
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love  
On me bestowed,  
Enough to share with unloved folk,  
To ease their load;  
Thy love for me I ill could spare,  
But dearer is the love I share.

—Davis

Show me the man whom you honor; I know  
by that symptom, better than by any other,  
what manner of man you yourself are, for you  
show me what your ideal of manhood is.

## THE POWER OF REQUEST

If thou knewest . . . . . thou wouldst ask  
and he would give. JOHN, iv, 10.

You could hardly call it a promising situation.  
The two principal figures in the scene stood too  
far apart. He was a man, she was a woman—  
and in the Orient that means a great gulf fixed.  
He was a Jew, she was a Samaritan—and the  
Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. He  
was the sinless Son of God, she was a woman  
openly immoral. The only thing they seemed to  
have in common was the fact that they were  
both thirsty. The Master began on that nar-  
row bit of common ground. When he saw the  
woman filling her water-pot he said to her  
courteously, "Give me a drink."

She instantly twitted him with the fact that  
his necessities prompted him to do an unheard-  
of thing. "How is it—a Jew asking for a drink  
from a woman of Samaria?" She did not ap-  
preciate her opportunity. There she was, in the  
presence of the Lord Jesus Christ! She could  
look into his face. She could hear his voice.  
She could feel the power of his moral interest.  
It was the chance of a lifetime; it was one of the  
greatest opportunities in twenty centuries of  
human experience. Yet she wasted her time  
and his in useless banter.

How dreadful to have an opportunity like that  
and not recognize the value of it! He spoke to  
her about "living water," and she thought he  
was talking about some well nearer to her  
wretched home. He uncovered the moral dis-  
grace of her own life, and she thought he was a  
kind of fortune-teller. He spoke to her about  
worshiping God in spirit and in truth, and she  
burst out with her question as to whether men  
ought to worship in this mountain or at some  
other mountain or at Jerusalem. She con-  
stantly met his sympathetic interest in her life  
with a kind of rude joking.

And Jesus, moved by the pathos of her in-  
difference to the higher values at stake in that  
interview, said to her sadly, "If thou knewest  
who it is that saith unto thee 'give me to drink,'  
thou wouldst ask of him, and he would give  
thee living water."

If thou knewest, thou wouldst ask!

How many times this scene at Jacob's well is  
reenacted! You seek to bring some fellow  
mortal into the presence of the mighty truths of  
religion, and he has nothing to offer but banter



and quibble. You mention the Bible, and he perpetrates some silly joke about Jonah and the whale. You strive to show him the well that is deep, and he jumps up and down in the puddles of his own shallow conceit, trying to splash your honest interest with mud. One would suppose that his inward thirst, his longing for something better than the impoverished quality of life he shows, would prompt him to seek that living water. It is not so.

What a picture of the whole sad tragedy enacted every day in the year. Here are men and women who allow opportunities, sublime in their ultimate possibilities, to come within arms' length, only to let them slip by without yielding help.

Comes the turning point in many a man's career comes when his eyes are first opened to the meaning of such an opportunity. In some high hour there came to you a heavenly vision. You had eyes to see what it meant. You were not disobedient to it. You tried from that hour to be true to your best moments and not to your worst. As a result of that resolve, you made a real advance into the land of spiritual achievement.

The recognition of the deeper meaning of any opportunity should be followed by a resolute request. There is no encouragement given to the idea that the gifts of God are dropped down to us without effort on our part. If you want gold, dig for it. If you mean to advance in any direction, take thought, and strive with all your might. It is the only way. Ask, if you would receive. Seek, if you would find. Knock, or no doors will open for you into the unseen. Let your whole attitude as you move upon your way be one of moral request.

The main indictment against the people of our day will not be that they were too dull and stupid to recognize the fact that there is something better than this weak, thin, flat life which so many of them live. They know that there is something vastly better. But, for one reason or another, they have allowed the inner life to slump. They lack the spiritual energy to make the effort. They know, but they fail to ask.

But we know that when men and women seek to have their moral natures steadied and strengthened through the study of the Bible and through prayer, through the sense of fellowship with the Lord and with their fellow-believers, that great end is attained. Taste and see, and you will know. Here is a well of water springing up perpetually for the satisfaction of every thirsty soul. The deeper satisfactions come to us from that spiritual order which enfolds us. They come to us as we know and ask, and receive the gift of God.—*Rev. Charles Reynolds Brown, in "The Quest of Life": reprinted by permission of the Pilgrim Press.*

## FAMOUS BIRTHDAYS IN NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER 10, 1483, was the birthday of Martin Luther, the German scholar and preacher from whose energetic life-work we date the great division of the Christian Church into Catholic and Protestant. One of the hymns he wrote is familiar to most of us in the English translation: "A strong fortress is our God."

NOVEMBER 10, 1728, Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland. He lived afterwards in London, and was writing poems, stories and plays over there about the time when our American colonies were protesting against inconsiderate acts of the home Government in England, before war actually began. Goldsmith never made much money but he made warm friends among the men he met, and he seems still to be making friends. People will probably always enjoy the verses that describe the neighborhood and the people he knew as a boy ("The Deserted Village"), his amusing tale about an old-fashioned country parson with an ambitious family ("The Vicar of Wakefield"), and his clever play about the adventures of a young man who mistook a fine private house for an inn ("She Stoops to Conquer").

NOVEMBER 29, 1554, a son came to an English home most unlike Goldsmith's—the dignified mansion of a wealthy English nobleman. Sir Philip Sidney became one of the most elegant and distinguished men at Queen Elizabeth's splendid court. He had a fine mind, trained by serious study and exercised in the writing of poems and romances; he and his accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke, together put the Psalms into English verse. He held various political positions; he was made a general in the English army during a war between England and the Netherlands. His soldierly courage and his generous thought for a comrade gave him a fame that is still alive. Writers of European history love to tell how, when gallant Sidney—only thirty-two years old—lay dying on the battlefield of Zutphen, someone brought water to quench his terrible thirst. A common private soldier had fallen near by. Sidney refused the precious drink in order that the other man might have relief: "Nay, give it to him; his need is greater than mine." So Sir Philip Sidney's name has come down through more than three centuries, as that of the ideal gentleman.

Thou hast too much to say about thy rights, and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right; and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.—*Frederic R. Marvin.*



## SHARPENING THE TOOL

[This is an extract from a book called "What Is It to Be Educated," by C. Hanford Henderson. The reprint is made by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.]

The author regards the training of the bodily senses as something on which all other education must depend.—*Editor.*

THERE are only five senses to be developed, and the activities of our material life are carried on by some combination of these tools, working at the bidding of the spirit. The senses gather the material for the thought life, and determine in part its quality. If the senses bring abundant and sound material, if they report the great outer world fully and accurately, the thought life is active and trustworthy. The majority of us do not see, do not hear, do not touch, do not taste, do not smell, with any degree of comprehension or accuracy. In many cases the tissues are diseased, and the sense-organs themselves do not function properly. The first step toward a radical betterment is to restore health to the tissues and organs.

Only a small per cent of civilized persons have normal eyesight. Evidently the first thing to do is to examine every pair of eyes, correct such defects as we may, and, when we must, to supply appropriate glasses.

Many children appear stupid merely because they do not hear. Many cases of deafness can be traced directly to catarrh, and the treatment will have to be both local and constitutional—above all, persistent. Good health, good circulation, cleanness, open air and sunshine—all these are needed.

A parent or teacher may well begin with the eye, and train it to discriminate in matters of color, shade, distance, texture, and shape. We have too little utilized the willing service of our hands. I have known of a mineralogist who could, blindfolded, determine all the more common minerals simply through the sense of touch; and we all know with what marvelous skill the blind use the hands for seeing.

Imagine some little boys gathered together in a room, and that we are possessed by the happy idea of training their eyes and hand:

How large is the room? We are dealing with a small boy; suppose we suggest that he pace off the distances—the length and breadth. Several may want to try. They will get different results; they will naturally repeat their pacing, and each boy will come to some rough standard.

When it comes to deciding how high the room is, it will be evident at once that pacing is out of the question; such work will not go far without suggesting to the boys the great practical advantage of a standard measure—foot or yard.

Boys trained in this way will attach a real meaning to the words, "foot" and "yard."

In determining colors and shades of color, the eye can be aided by attention to strong, crude contrasts between unlike colors, and later, subtle contrasts between different shades of the same color. Very early in the work, a boy's attention ought to be called to the fact that, as the landscape is never all of one color, so colors themselves are conditioned by their neighbors and by the degree of illumination.

Flavors and odors are notoriously hard to describe; but nearly all children are passionately fond of flowers. It would interest them to try to define the characteristic odor of each flower; and later, blindfolded, to name the flowers from their odor. The characteristic odors of plants, of woods, of metals, of foods, of common substances generally, are quite worth knowing. A subtle part of woodcraft depends upon a keen sense of smell. Wild animals are much keener in this respect than tame ones, and both are much ahead of ourselves.

## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmont Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

*It is necessary that letters be written with ink, not simply with a pencil.*

## OFFERS

THE Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

Garden Flowers and Plants, by Wright.

Life of General Grant, by Headley.

The Colonists and the Revolution (school edition), by Barstow.

Life of Christopher Columbus, by Irving.

Tales of Chivalry, by Scott.

The Lady of the Lake, by Scott.

Lays of Ancient Rome, by Macaulay.



Poetical Works, of Campbell.

Poetical Works, of Tennyson.

Life and Teachings of Jesus, by Kent.

New Testament for Learners, Sunday School edition.

Responsive Services, arranged by Thacher.

Also other books on English Grammar, Composition, and Literature; and novels.

#### REQUESTS

1. I wish to thank those who have remembered me in the past. The *Cheerful Letter* is a wonderful little book. I shall never forget what it has meant to me. I have made new friends through this column, and I enjoy it so much. It has made my life more worth while. If anyone has scraps of any kind for quilts I would appreciate it so much. All the reading sent me is passed on. My little children (eight and three years old) enjoy cards. Will anyone who would like to correspond with a farmer's wife write to me? My husband and children join me in sending many thanks to our dear *Cheerful Letter* friends. We hope they will not forget us in the future. May God bless you, every one. (Mrs.) James R. Robertson, Faber, Nelson Co., Virginia, Route 2, Box 32.

2. I am a poor woman living in the country, with seven children from two to twenty years old; all are girls except the baby. We would be glad of good reading and bedquilt scraps; we are not able to buy. I hope some of the friends can write to me. God bless you in your good works. My minister's name is R. W. Alsbrook. (Mrs.) Eddie Brooks, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 83.

3. I would appreciate good reading matter and especially a Bible with references. If anyone has any patchwork they could spare, I would be so glad to get it. Annie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 213.

4. I am a poor colored woman and have been ill for a year, unable to do my own work. I have five small children to care for. My husband works hard when he can get work, but has only jobs by the day and can barely feed us. If you will send me quilt pieces of any kind, I can do light work like that. And please send me some reading for the children—they are thirteen and ten, then twin girls, six, and the baby is three years old. My minister's address is Rev. Ausbrooks, Ansonville, North Carolina. I am colored, but I am honest, and trying to live a true Christian life. Please write me a letter. (Mrs.) Minnie Little, Ansonville, North Carolina.

5. Mrs. Mary E. Hagey, Reidsville, North Carolina, wishes to thank those who sent her such lovely quilt pieces. She is very grateful. As there was no address on some of the pack-

ages, she takes this way of thanking all. Our readers will remember Mrs. Hagey is a widow who lost all she had, and needs our cheer. She has children from two to nineteen years old.

6. Miss Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Maine, is grateful to those who sent her seeds last spring. She only wished they could have seen her lovely flowers. She was able to sell quite a lot and that was a help to her. She would be glad to have some bulbs, if anyone can send them, also pieces for braided rugs.

7. Mrs. Mattie Via, Sanville, Virginia, Route 1, is an invalid; she asks for light reading and patch-pieces.

8. Mrs. W. W. Motley, Danville, Virginia, Route 4, asks for books and magazines. She has four children (ages not given) who would enjoy picture papers.

9. Mrs. Callie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 4, a shut-in, asks to be remembered on her birthday, the first of November, with cards and quilt scraps.

10. Mrs. M. J. Hall, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, a sufferer from cancer, asks for any cheer. She can piece quilts.

11. Miss Beulah Brooks, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 83, asks for *Good Housekeeping*. Her birthday will be November 13.

12. Mrs. J. T. Brooks, White Top, Virginia, asks for suitable reading for her children, aged nine and twelve years.

13. Miss Florence Alley, at Germanton, North Carolina, would be glad to receive any story-books, pictures, cards and magazines. She is going to teach a rural school, and any such helps will be highly appreciated. . . . I thank all who have sent pieces to myself. I will ask to be remembered also in the future with pieces for patchwork. (Mrs.) Cooper Hatcher, Reidsville, North Carolina, care of J. F. Dixon.

14. If it is not asking too much, I would be more than pleased if some good *Cheerful Letter* friend would send me a copy of the paper. I have one little son whose name is Cleyburn; he will be six years old the fourth of next January. He would be very glad of some picture books or cards. Pieces for my quilt would be appreciated, or any good reading matter. I am a poor woman and have been out of health for about five years. (Mrs.) Leon Carter, Timmons-ville, South Carolina, Box 94.

15. Will you please send me some reading, postcards and scraps for patchwork? I would appreciate a Bible with large letters, (Mrs.) Annie Simpson, Farmville, Virginia, Route 5.

16. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the reading sent me about two years ago.



And I would be so glad if someone could send me some books and magazines—especially *Good Housekeeping*, and something suitable for girls of ten and twelve years to read,—such as the *Youth's Companion*. We are thirteen miles from town and church. Any religious papers would be appreciated, as we seldom get to church. (Mrs.) A. H. Bright, Roosevelt, Oklahoma, Route 3.

17. I am a schoolgirl sixteen years old, and would be glad to receive reading matter suitable for my age. I have a brother who would like to have Webster's dictionary. I am an orphan. I would be glad to correspond with girls of my age. Ina Johnson, Helton, North Carolina.

18. I am a girl ten years old. I have two brothers, thirteen and eight, and one sister who is sixteen. My father has been dead eight years and we have had a very hard time. My mother is in poor health. We would greatly appreciate good reading of any kind, and I would like to receive some postal cards or paper dolls or bits of ribbon for my doll. I would be very glad to have a regular correspondent. I will give as reference Rev. John Cassell, at Stella, Virginia. Bernice Martin, Stella, Virginia.

19. Mrs. D. M. Stone, Vinton, Virginia, asks for correspondents, and for reading matter for herself and picture books for her children aged six and three years. She has recently been seriously ill, and lost her little son in July, so she needs something cheering.

20. I am a married woman twenty-seven years old, the mother of two little girls—one two years old and the other nine months. We live on a farm two miles from town—not a farm of our own. I would appreciate magazines of any kind, and be more than thankful for a coarse-print Testament or Bible. I would be glad to have someone to correspond with me. (Mrs.) C. W. Winfree, Wadesboro, North Carolina.

21. For the past two years I have been keeping house, doing the work for my father, three brothers and a sister. My mother died two years ago. I am fourteen years old. I cannot attend school and am very lonely when my father is off working and my brothers and sister are at school. I would so much appreciate a dictionary and a geography, for I want to improve. My brothers and sister are younger than I. Any kind of secondhand schoolbooks would add to my girlhood days. Frances Smith, Lafayette, Louisiana, care of Balvin Lumber Company.

22. I would be glad to get some good books and magazines—any kind of good reading for me and my little boy. I would like some good Bible reading. (Mrs.) Maggie Shropshire, Majodan, North Carolina.

23. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* Society, who have sent me magazines, books, cards and pieces for patchwork. I am poor in this world's goods, old, and afflicted with rheumatism and spinal trouble. Am confined indoors all the time, and when I am remembered it cheers me so much. I asked to be remembered in the future with remnants for quilts and any good book that will help to pass away the hours. (Mrs.) Jennie Agee, Spencer, Virginia, Route 1, Box 435.

24. Mrs. J. D. Sikes, Garland, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 28,—a shut-in,—would appreciate a good book or a story-magazine.

25. Mrs. Mary T. Lackey, Elamsville, Virginia, asks for *McCall's Magazine*, story-books, and pieces of percale or gingham.

26. Miss Grace M. Gilbert, Sandidges, Virginia, Box 34, is grateful for what has been sent her during the past year, and asks for a continuance of the same.

27. I would be glad to receive some books and magazines. I will give as reference Rev. J. G. Corley, Blakely, Georgia. Would be glad to have some regular correspondents. (Mrs.) Blanche Bethea, Blakely, Georgia.

## SOMETHING YOU WILL LIKE TO DO

A. A. ALLEN, of the National Audubon Society, makes some suggestions for winter study of our common bird neighbors. Many boys and girls will like to follow the suggestions and become more intimate friends of the feathered folks.

These questions open up delightful possibilities for the coming winter. Very likely some of our readers will think of still other lines of interest, which are practicable in their home neighborhoods.

How many birds do you know that spend the winter in your locality?

Do they live there also in summer, or do they come from some other region, farther north?

In what kinds of places are the different kinds of birds to be seen?

Do you know a crow's track when you see it?

Do you know the track of a pheasant?

What other birds do you know by their tracks or by their special habits?

Where do the different kinds of winter birds spend the night?

Do you know what kind of food each bird prefers—seeds, insects, fruit, or flesh?

How many people in your neighborhood are feeding the birds in winter-time?

Have you ever coaxed a wild bird to feed from your hand?



## ALFRED THE GREAT

[This is the story of things that happened eleven hundred years ago in England. Life was very plain and rough in those days, even when people lived in peace; and in the time of good King Alfred Danish adventurers were sailing across the sea from their own land, to occupy British ground.—*Editor.*]

ALFRED the Great was three-and-twenty years old when he became king. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on journeys, and once he had been to Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for then, that at twelve years old he had not yet been taught to read! Of all the sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favorite. He had an excellent mother, Queen Osburga. One day she was reading a book as she sat among her sons. The art of printing was not known until long after that time; the queen's book had been copied word by word, with pen and ink. It had beautiful big capital letters here and there, painted with bright colors and gold. All the brother princes admired the book, and the queen said: "I will give it to that one of you four who first learns to read." Prince Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

In the first year of King Alfred's reign he fought nine battles with the heathen Danes. One winter they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England, and so routed the king's soldiers that the king was left alone. He was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of a farmer who did not recognize his face.

One day, while the unknown king was staying at the cottage, waiting for certain important messages from his army, the farmer's wife left him there alone while she went out to tend the new calves. She had mixed some barley cakes and put them down on the hearth close to the open fire, to bake; and she bade the visitor watch the baking while she was away. She had no idea it was the king to whom she set the task; she thought of him as just an idle fellow who might as well be made useful.

King Alfred did, in fact, forget all about those cakes, he was thinking so desperately hard about the war, and making new plans for the defeat of the Danish invaders. He was busy whittling arrows with his good sharp knife—whittling and thinking, whittling and planning! And when the farmer's wife came back, there were her barley cakes burned hard and black for want of a little attention. Naturally, she felt cross, and she gave the king a lively scolding for his carelessness. "You are ready enough to eat your share, you lazy thing," so she declared; "why could n't you have sense enough to watch them?"

Alfred heard great tales of the number of the Danish enemies and of their wealth of fighting weapons, and he determined to know about these for a certainty. He was a good musician, and he disguised himself as a wandering singer and story-teller, going with his harp into the very camp of the invaders. He played and sang for the amusement of the Danes, and appeared to be only a simple fellow with a pleasant voice and a fund of stories; but all the time he was using his eyes and learning more than they realized. He was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline—everything that he desired to know.

Then, going back from the camp, he summoned his own men, marched on the Danes and defeated them completely. Instead of killing them all, he proposed peace, on condition that they should settle in one certain part of the land, and that their leader, Guthrum, should become a Christian, following the Master who taught men to forgive their enemies. This was done, and the Danes proved to be faithful, honest men. They plundered and burned no more, but worked and led good lives.

King Alfred labored all the rest of his days to make the kingdom a safer and happier place in which to live. He loved to talk with travelers and to write down what he learned, making books for his people. He established schools, so that boys might learn to read. He made just laws, and appointed as judges only the best and wisest men. It is said that, during his reign, people were so honest that garlands of gold and jewels might have been hung across the streets, and no one would have touched them.

In the days of Alfred the Great there were no such things as clocks and watches. But the monarch had so many things to be done each day, he wanted some way of dividing the time as it passed. He had wax candles made, all of the same size, with marks or notches on them at regular distances; such a candle was always burning in his house, day and night. And he used to devote the time between notch and notch to certain kinds of work, just as now a man assigns certain hours by the clock to certain tasks. On windy days, and in windy places, a notched candle burned unevenly, faster at some times, then slower. In order to remedy that trouble the king invented a sheltering box of wood, with thin windows of horn through which the light might shine. Those were the first lanterns ever used in England. *Adapted from "A Child's History of England" by Charles Dickens.*

*A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.*  
PROVERBS, xxii, 1.



## THE AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge 40, Mass. Write name and address plainly.]

## I

## ENIGMA

I am composed of 158 letters.

My 2, 94, 105, 141, 155 is a useful animal.

My 53, 83, 96, 143, 79, 139 means sultry.

My 93, 81, 62, 35 is a small creeping animal.

My 54, 3, 91, 15, 1, 90, 29 is one devoted to military life.

My 41, 61, 71, 98 is an insect.

My 42, 158, 119, 150, 156 is found in Egypt.

My 147, 117, 34, 9 is a weapon.

My 78, 132, 107, 56 is a kind of fruit.

My 145, 8, 39, 51, 74 is a small vessel.

My 128, 77, 92, 70, 16, 154, 149 is a garden plant.

My 68, 100, 95, 58, 20, 110, 45 is a large animal.

My 72, 146, 57, 144, 21 is a tropical fruit.

My 4, 109, 135, 114, 18, 124, 127 is the flesh of deer.

My 13, 140, 44 is a small animal.

My 138, 5, 11, 142 is a kind of shelter.

My 17, 133, 137, 24, 19, 40 is an artist's work-room.

My 130, 67, 112, 27, 55, 126, 32 is a musical instrument.

My 6, 153, 129, is an indentation of the sea.

My 136, 103, 7, 118 is an inhabitant of South Africa.

My 120, 157, 104 is a pronoun.

My 12, 26, 151, 84 are used in washing.

My 85, 22, 82, 10, 59, 123 is a vessel used in the Mediterranean.

My 23, 37, 122, 50 is a bird's home.

My 101, 65, 63, 125 is a point of the compass.

My 97, 134, 38, 28 is a verb.

My 89, 111, 47, 80, 131 is a kind of candy.

My 88, 25, 116 is a cooking utensil.

My 60, 33, 30, 106, 75, 127, 113 are used in cooking.

My 76, 31, 48, 48, 36 is a Jewish priest.

My 102, 49, 66, 135 is used in a church service.

My 141, 14, 52 is another name for a diocese.

My 152, 64, 83, 107 is a disturbance.

My 108, 43, 99, 86 is a small animal.

My 46, 87, 72 is a kind of fish.

My 102, 115, 143, 88 is a musical instrument.

My 69, 73, 121 are vowels.

My whole is Napoleon's message to the Empress Josephine after the Battle of Austerlitz.

## II

## BEHEADINGS

1. Behead cold and leave stiff.

2. Behead a hunting dog and leave a rapacious bird.

3. Behead pertaining to dew and leave delivered by the mouth.

4. Behead the state of being brought low and leave the ground floor.

5. Behead dragged and leave a confused, noisy crowd.

6. Behead to shelter and leave a shady bower.

7. Behead a musical pipe and leave another musical instrument.

8. Behead unfledged and leave to permit.

9. Behead a small furniture wheel and leave a garden flower.—*Selected*

"My dear sir," said the salesman, courteously, as he handed the customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron." And sure enough, it did. The man had not worn it two months when it began to look rusty.—*Tit-Bits*

The small boy was the first to answer the telephone. The person on the other end of the wire was a friend of his mother, and the following conversation ensued: "Is this Mrs. Blank's residence?" "No, ma'am, it is Mrs. Blank's little boy."—*Everybody's*

"You know," said the lady whose motor-car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years." "Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-four years!"—*The Journal and Messenger*

During a railroad strike a green engineer was put on. On his first trip he ran beyond a station, and on backing up he ran as far the other way. About to start forward for another attempt the station-master shouted, "Stay where you are, and we'll move the station."—*Boston Transcript*

At a military tribunal in the border district one member asked the applicant, a shepherd, if he knew of any reason why his work should not be undertaken by a woman. "A woman once tried it," replied the applicant, "and she made a mess of it." "Who was she?" inquired the chairman. "Bo-Peep," answered the shepherd.—*Tit-Bits*

The schoolgirl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her, "Mary!" called the teacher, sharply. "Yes ma'am?" questioned the pupil. "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!" was the command, difficult to be obeyed.—*Florida Times-Union*

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

## ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

## WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions directly under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 33 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

*Notice to those who give:—*

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classical, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

*To those who receive:—*

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.